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## WHERE SHALL I FIND THEE?

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI. 1086.

O LORD, where shall I find thee?  
All-hidden and exalted is thy place;  
And where shall I not find thee?  
Full of thy glory is the infinite space.

Found near-abiding ever,  
He made the earth's ends, set their utmost bar;  
Unto the nigh a refuge,  
Yea, and a trust to them who wait afar.  
Thou sittest throned between the cherubim,  
Thou dwellest high above the cloud-rack dim.  
Praised by thine hosts and yet beyond their praises  
For ever far exalt;  
The endless whirl of worlds cannot contain thee,  
How then one heaven's vault?

And thou, withal uplifted  
O'er man, upon a mighty throne apart,  
Art yet for ever near him,  
Breath of his spirit, life-blood of his heart.  
His own mouth speaketh testimony true  
That thou his Maker art alone; for who  
Shall say he hath not seen thee? Lo! the heavens  
And all their host aflame  
With glory, show thy fear in speech unuttered,  
With silent voice proclaim.

Longing I sought thy presence,  
Lord, with my whole heart did I call and pray,  
And going out toward thee,  
I found thee coming to me on the way;  
Yea, in thy wonders' might as clear to see  
As when within the shrine I looked for thee.  
Who shall not fear thee? Lo! upon their shoulders  
Thy yoke divinely dread!  
Who shall forbear to cry to thee, that givest  
To all their daily bread?

And can the Lord God truly—  
God, the Most High—dwell here within man's breast?  
What shall he answer, pondering—  
Man, whose foundations in the dust do rest?  
For thou art holy, dwelling 'mid the praise  
Of them who waft thee worship all their days.  
Angels adoring, singing of thy wonder,  
Stand upon heaven's height;  
And thou, enthroned o'erhead, all things upholdest  
With everlasting might.

NINA DAVIS.